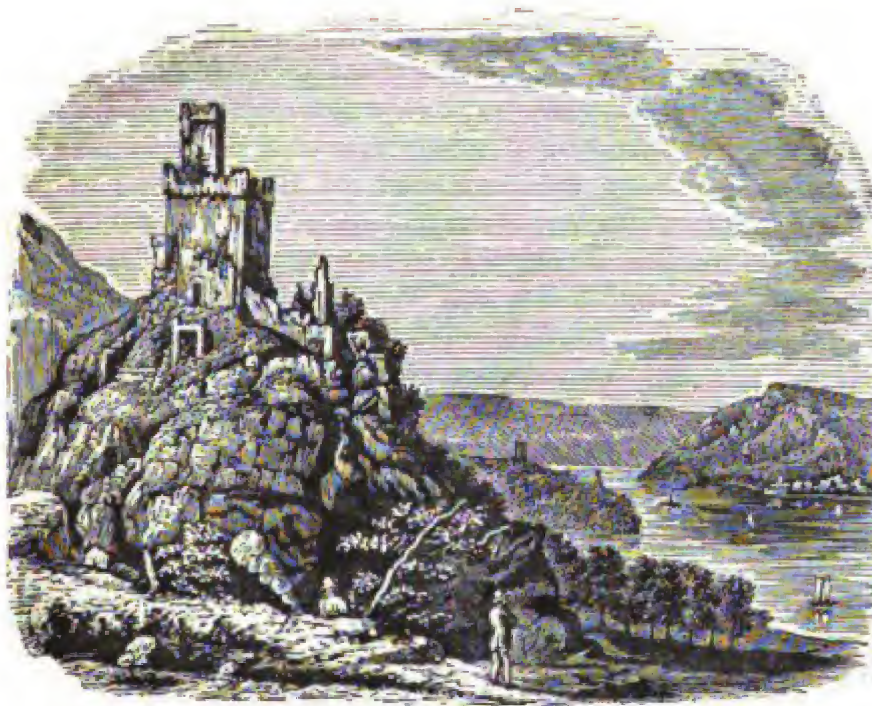


WANDERINGS OF A YOUNG AMERICAN

IN

GERMANY.



RUINS OF SONNECK CASTLE, ON THE RHINE.

Sketch of Germany—Romantic Enterprise—Entrance into Germany—Highlands of the Rhine—Legends—The Rheingau—Frankfort—Heidelberg—Amusing Anecdote—German Students—The Consecration Song—The Landlady's Daughter—Life Among the Peasants—Pleasant Adventures—Sojourn in Frankfort—Amusing Scenes—Christmas and New Year's Festivities—The Court of Peace—The Jew Rothschild—Pedestrian Journey to the Hartz—The Hessians—Specter of the Brocken—Alarming Situation—Leipsic—Dresden—The Madonna of Raphael—Fortress of Konigstein—Mountain Maidens—Bohemia—Austrian Suspicion—Prague—Bigotry—Shrines by the Way-side—Female Degradation—“The Training Jour.”—Vienna—Austrian Tyranny—Joyous Emotions among the Alps—Adventure in a Mountain Cottage—Hohenlinden—Munich—Frankfort—A Home Scene.

Germany consists of some forty sovereign states, inclusive of those belonging to Austria, Prussia, Denmark and Holland. It has been termed the net-work and puzzle of geographers, her divisions are so many and complicated.

The area of Germany is a little less than four times that of Virginia. Its southern and central parts are traversed by ranges of mountains in every direction, separated only by narrow valleys, while to the north the elevation subsides into a wide sandy plain, little above the sea level. The Tyrol is wholly occupied by branches of the Alps, presenting many of the peculiarities of Switzerland. Central Germany is much diversified by picturesque scenery and abounds with verdant and well wooded valleys, which are watered by clear streams. The banks of the Meyn and the Moselle are remarkable for their varied scenery, and the Valley of the Rhine unites the grandeur of a fine landscape with the appearance of a highly fertile country. In the Austrian territories the plains are confined by the Alps ; but are futile and deep, and sometimes as narrow as those of Switzerland.

The soil of Germany is generally productive, and every species of grain is cultivated. Its extent and variety of elevations produce great variations in climate ; that of Central Germany is the most agreeable and salubrious of any in Europe. The inhabitants of Germany are of three essentially different families: the Deutsch, the Slavonic, and the Græco-Latin ; of these the High and Low Deutsch comprise about four-fifths ; the Slavonic a little less than one-fifth and the Græco-Latin a small fraction principally confined to the Italian portions of Tyrol, Friuli and Trieste. The pervading and legal language is the Deutsch. The Slavonic people are found east of the Danube: and yet they retain their own dialect, but with a great mixture of German words.

Germany, especially the Prussian and more Protestant part of the confederation, contains one of the best educated and most intelligent communities in Europe : indeed in Prussia, parents are compelled by law to send their children to school. Few Germans can be found unable to read and write and unacquainted with arithmetic. In almost all the large towns classical and other schools abound, and the universities are numerous, well endowed and celebrated. Learned societies spread all over the country, and libraries and museums afford means to those engaged in the pursuit of knowledge. The Press of Germany has long been famous, and German authors, for research and talent, head the grand column of literature.

Catholicism, Lutherism, and Calvinism are equally the religions of Germany, and enjoy in all the states perfect freedom of worship ; about one-half of the people are Catholics.

Germany was known to the ancient Romans, but not, like France, Spain and Britain, conquered and annexed to the Roman Empire. The Germans are described as having then been the rudest, the fiercest, and the bravest of all the barbarians. The surface was divided among a number of small nations, scantily cultivating the ground, despising all the arts of civilized life, led by their chiefs in war, but scarcely owning their authority in peace, and determining all things by a general council of the nations.

In the year 1844, an American youth, at that time an apprentice in a printing office, determined to execute a long cherished desire of visiting

Europe. Surrounded by unfavorable circumstances, and destitute of means, other than those provided by an unconquerable will and strong self-reliance; yet these were found sufficient to carry successfully through, this romantic enterprise of the printer's boy, then scarce nineteen years of age. The evidence he had already given of the possession of literary talents, secured him the situation of a correspondent to two of the leading Philadelphia papers. This, united to a small sum, already obtained from literary labor, answered, by close economy, to pay his expenses abroad for a period of two years, during which he passed through Great Britain, Ireland, and over a large part of continental Europe.

He traveled in company with another young man, a cousin, and mostly on foot. They rose usually before sunrise, buckled on their knapsacks, and commenced the journey of the day. At the first village they purchased a loaf of the hard brown bread of the European peasantry, with some trifling addition of cheese or butter, then made a table of their knapsacks and breakfasted by the roadside. At noon they halted an hour to dine and rest; and in the cold wet days of winter, sought a rock or sometimes the broad abutment of a chance bridge upon which to rest. They were kindly received wherever they went, and always met with a friendly reception from the people of the country inns. They saluted them on entering, with, "Be you welcome," and on leaving wished them a pleasant journey and good fortune. While walking they always accepted a companion, however humble, as in a strange country something can be learned from every peasant. They found the greatest ignorance in regard to America prevailing among the common people, who imagine us to be a half savage race, destitute of intelligence, and almost without law. Traveling in this manner, they had abundant leisure to view the countries through which they were passing, and unusual opportunities of learning the every-day life of the people, all of which were availed of to the full.

On his return to his native country, he published his pedestrian tour, under the title of "Europe seen with Knapsack and Staff." The very extended circulation of this work, his poetical writings, and his later adventures on the older continents of Africa and Asia, has now given a widely extended knowledge to the name of the then young traveler, J. Bayard Taylor. From the part of his work on Europe relating to Germany, the following is derived in a much abridged form.

Mr. Taylor entered Germany by a steamer on the Rhine, "the river of song and story, whose banks from the Lake of Constance to the German Ocean, are all alive with the histories of the past." His whole soul was absorbed in contemplating the beauty of the celebrated highlands of this stream; mountains, towns, and castles passed, were familiar to him from reading, and although now seen for the first time, seemed old acquaintances, the sight of whom gave exquisite pleasure.

On the Rhine, the traveler is continually in view of the ruins of old towers and fortresses, for every crag and projecting point has its castle, and often on each side of the stream, several are at once in sight. They differ in character and aspect, although on each is always a tower, and frequently a

cluster of them : in such instances, the keep or donjon, where prisoners were confined, rises higher and in more massive proportions than the others. The only one at present occupied, is the castle of Rheinstein, belonging to Prince Frederick of Prussia, who restored and furnished it in the ancient style. Volumes have been devoted to the legends connected with these castles,—stories of chivalry, of love, or crime. And the traveler, well versed in these and history, finds the Rhine full of interest, as he recalls to memory the accounts of Roman battles, of feats of robber-knights, of bloody strifes of more recent times, of emperors and kings, and coronations. In real beauty and grandeur, the highlands of the Hudson and the Rhine are about equal, and have often been compared ; though those of our own river are the boldest.

Some English tourists, were fellow-passengers with Mr. Taylor. Seated on the deck, they passed their time in *reading* descriptions from open guide books, of the scenery through which they were moving, instead of *observing* for themselves. A shower of rain drove all the passengers below, except our traveler, just as they were nearing Lurlei Berg, and he was left alone to the enjoyment of some of the most beautiful landscapes. At this point the river narrows, and the Lurlei Rock, which towers many hundred feet above the stream, is the haunt of a water nymph, named Lurlei, who, as the legend relates, by her syren song was wont to charm the boatmen, until they and their barks were lured to destruction on the rocks below. Here, too, the mountain-sides give forth a remarkable echo, with which the German students oftentimes have sport, calling out—"Who is the Burgomaster of Oberwesel?" the town a short distance above. The echo of the last syllable is alone distinguished in the reply "esel," the German word for *ass*.

Among the noted places in this part of the Rhine, is the *Rheingau*, a district some twenty miles in length, where is produced the famous Rhenish wines. The hills are all covered with vineyards ; the vine being not the garland vine of Italy, but the low bush vine. The liquor is of a white color, and generally acid, and that of some vineyards, particularly celebrated. Originally, this whole region was in the possession of the church ; and monks, abbots, and bishops, then, it is said, had merry times.

The day after passing through the highlands our traveler was in Frankfort. This is a fine old city of 40,000 people, on the Meyne, twenty miles east of its confluence with the Rhine ; it is the capital of the German confederation, enjoys considerable trade, and its two annual fairs are much frequented. Frankfort was then one of the Hansetowns, or free cities of Germany, the others being Lubeck, Bremen, and Hamburg ; in 1850 they were deprived of their peculiar privileges.

Mr. Taylor, at this time remained but a few hours, the next morning leaving in an omnibus for Heidelberg, about fifty miles south in Baden, and noted for its university. A few hours' drive carried him and his fellow-traveler through a flat monotonous country, when they entered Darmstadt. The city looked lively and gay, as a festival of three days' duration was just closing. Garlands were suspended from all quarters, the public square was filled with pavilions, and more than a thousand musicians were seen bearing the red

and white flags of Darmstadt. Peasant-girls, attired in the same odd costume worn by their maternal ancestors for centuries back, were met with by wagon loads, their vehicles decorated with a profusion of flowers.

Continuing on, their route was along the base of a mountain-chain which rose on the east, while far to the west extended the beautiful valley of the Rhine, beyond which were seen the blue outline of hills in France. The neighboring heights were surmounted with old vine-clad castles, while along each side the green foliage of the walnut trees danced joyously to the zephyrs, and the warm bright sun imparted a cheerful aspect to all things. It being a fête day, the peasants appeared full of pleasure and contentment. They saw whole families beneath the walnut trees gathering nuts, or in the vineyards collecting grapes, and carrying them away in huge baskets, piled up with the luscious tempting fruit. "The scene," says Mr. Taylor, "seemed to realize all I had read of the happiness of the German peasantry, and the pastoral beauty of the German plains." He was unable to hold much conversation with his fellow passengers, from his ignorance of the language. On his informing one of them in broken French, in answer to the question, "where he came from," that he was, "an American," the latter, with an incredulous stare, exclaimed, "Why *you* are *white*—the Americans are all *black*."

The idea that the Americans were all black, was, at that time, not uncommon in Europe. Professor Silliman relates an anecdote in his own experience in England, illustrating this impression, and this has been confirmed time and again by itinerating Americans. The most amusing story of the kind we have met is that given by Maxwell, in his charming book on Russia, by the way, one of the best written books of travels extant. The incident he relates occurred at Moscow.

Several old gentlemen in this ancient capital manifested great curiosity in everything that related to the United States. They doubted whether Mr. Maxwell was an American, because he spoke English, and because all Americans they had ever seen were as black as the ace of spades. One old prince was so well satisfied that there was a mistake somewhere, that he insisted upon his accompanying him to the theater, to show him what had been his beau-ideal of American republicans. Among the performers in the orchestra was the object of their search, a grisly-headed well-dressed negro, who tuned up his fiddle in concert with the others. There was no mistaking his nationality, for his style and manner of bowing was in the true "Ole Virginny" fashion. Inclining his head upon his left shoulder, with half-closed eyes, his body lazily swung to and fro, in a manner that evinced he alone could have been bred among the sable minstrels south of Mason and Dixon's line. He informed the prince that this interesting subject was doubtless an American, and explained to him the condition of the slave population in our country. On ascertaining that our serfs were black, and particularly talented in music and dancing, he thought it a capital arrangement, and that, after all, the only two empires in the world of any consequence was that of the model republic and the vast empire of his imperial majesty, the Czar of all the Russias.

Mr. Taylor spent at Heidelberg and at Frankfort the seven months ensuing, to acquire the language. At this, his first visit, he remained several weeks in Heidelberg, which he found a beautiful place, and was never tired in wandering among its wild romantic environs.

With his cousin he hired pleasant rooms in the town. From their window was a full view of the Heiligenberg on the opposite side of the Neckar. Around its base clustered beautiful vineyards, with here and there picturesque cottages peering forth from amid the shrubbery; oftentimes the scene was enlivened by groups of peasant-women toiling up the mountain, bearing huge baskets on their heads, going to their labors.

They were much amused by many of the customs of the Germans. Cows instead of oxen were used for work. Frequently a single cow was seen dragging a cart; on other occasions two were yoked together by their horns. The cheerful songs of the women at work among the vineyards continually reached their ears, which, with their odd costumes, was a novelty to the young men. The cookery of the Germans was new, but by degrees they got used to it, and throve well upon potatoes cooked in vinegar and oil, meat flavored with orange peel, artichokes boiled, and other dishes as incongruous to American appetites.

At Heidelberg, Mr. Taylor was invited to attend a meeting of one of the societies of the students of the university. Attired in the coat and hat of a student, he proceeded thither with a young German named Baader, the president of the society. Nearing the inn a confused sound of voices met his ear, and as he entered the room he was enveloped in clouds of smoke from over a hundred pipes. Immense long tables were spread out, filled with great stone jugs and long beer glasses; the students were talking, shouting, and drinking, but it was all in a social friendly way, and the beer being very weak, none were in especial danger of growing over-jolly.

The President was attired in the ancient German costume, which set off to advantage his fine person. Mr. Taylor says he never saw in any company of young men such numbers of handsome manly countenances. Some time was passed in talking and drinking, with now and then an air from a band of music, when the president called all to order, by striking with the hilt of a sword upon a table; upon this, all united in one of their glorious songs to a joyous, yet solemn melody, their manly voices swelling out like a hymn of triumph. "Three times during the singing," says he, "all rose up, dashed their glasses together around the tables, and drank to their Fatherland, a health and blessing to the patriot, and honor to those who struggle in the cause of freedom, at the close thundering out their motto,

'Fearless in strife—to the banner still true.'

After this song the same order as before continued, except that the students from the different societies made short speeches, accompanied by some toast or sentiment. One spoke of Germany, predicting that all her dissensions would be overcome, and that she would rise at last like a phoenix among the nations of Europe, and at the close gave, 's'ong, united, regenerated Ger-

many !' Instantly all sprang to their feet, and dashing the glasses together, gave a thundering "*hoch!*"

Finally, the tables were cleared, and all united in the most solemn of their ceremonies, the singing of the '*Landsfather*,' or consecration song." Of this we annex a few verses, to give an idea of its lofty and patriotic character.

"Silent bending, each one lending
To the solemn tones his ear,
Hark ! the song of songs is sounding,
Hear it, German brothers, hear !"

"German proudly, raise it loudly,
Singing of your fatherland—
Fatherland ! thou land of story,
To the altars of thy glory
Consecrate us, sword in hand !

* * * * *
"Rest the Burschen, feast is over,
Hallowed sword and thou art free !
Each one strive a valiant lover
Of his Fatherland to be !"

"Hail to him, who, glory haunted,
Follows still his fathers bold;
And the sword may no one hold
But the noble and undaunted !"

The German students are characterized by their enthusiasm for their country. Through them, mainly, is the spirit of freedom kept alive ; for their Fatherland they are ever first and bravest in the field, and through them will her final redemption be accomplished.

Mr. Taylor, on taking his leave of Heidelberg for a longer residence at Frankfort, proceeded part of the way on foot, by the route of the Odenwald, a mountain range, that stretches most of the way between the two cities. The forest scenery reminded him of America, excepting that the trees were only about one-third the size of ours. The first night, the young man stopped at an inn, in the rude little dorf or village of Elsbach. On entering the main room, they found a group of peasant-girls, just in from work in the fields, all of whom were dressed in men's jackets, short gowns, and some had long hair streaming down their backs. They were coarse and uninviting ; in this respect contrasting strongly with the daughter of the landlord, a beautiful girl of finely-chiseled features, and as modest as beautiful, reminding young Taylor of the exquisite poem of Uhland, "The Landlady's Daughter."

The next day, entering the old dorf of Beerfelden, on a mountain summit, they found it filled with neighboring farmers, in the ancient country costume, blue frock coats, and broad cocked hats. They had come to a cattle fair, and as they passed them touched their hats, according to the custom of meeting travelers in Germany, which shows the kind, friendly feelings of these cheerful people. Groups of children were often met, among the mountains, singing their simple ballads as they went skipping along.

From Beerfelden, they passed through Erback, the principal city in the Odenwald, and at night entered the only inn of a little village, kept by the Burgomaster. The people, ascertaining they were Americans, crowded around the door, peeped into the windows, and watched their every motion, with an intense curiosity. The news of their arrival spread all over the little community, and evidently to their benefit, for on stopping the next morning to purchase some fruit, a short distance from the place, a farmer, mounted in one of the trees, called out, "they are the Americans ; give them as many as they want for nothing." Before reaching Darmstadt, they visited the

ruins of Rodenstein, to which the wild Huntsman was wont to ride at midnight, according to the the romantic tradition which is implicitly believed by the simple-hearted peasants. From Darmstadt they took an omnibus, and entered Frankfort after dark.

Frankfort is a genuine old German city, founded by Charlemagne. It was a rallying point for the Crusaders, and is full of antiquities, ancient, quaint buildings, and is attractive to the historian, to the lovers of romance and of old legends.

During his residence of several months in the city, Mr. Taylor found much to interest him. The street below his window, was daily filled with market-women, with their baskets of vegetables and fruit, where they were accustomed to sit from sunrise to sunset, day after day, and year after year. Some of them were very aged ; but nevertheless, appeared as tough and hardy as so many old seamen, their complexions tanned to a sole-leather like hue, and their movements as unwieldy and ungraceful as those of an ox. When it rained they sat in large wooden boxes, and for cooking, and for warmth used little furnaces. It was a curious spectacle to see the country-women moving about in the busy throng, in their jackets and short gowns, carrying on their heads huge loads, often a yard or more high. Disputes about their places often occurred in the morning among the market-women, calling for the interposition of the police, one or two of whom were generally on the ground, to settle all difficulties on these interesting occasions.

At Frankfort, Mr. Taylor had the gratification of witnessing the festival of Christmas, which is the most beautiful and interesting of all the German festivals. Four weeks beforehand a fair was commenced in the Roemburg square, where booths, ornamented with evergreens, were filled with a variety of toys, and a perfect "wilderness of playthings." On the 5th of December, it being St. Nicholas' evening, the booths were for the first time illuminated, and the place crowded with a joyous, noisy collection of little folks, accompanied by their parents and nurses, when large numbers of presents were bought for the approaching festival, and also branches of evergreens to be used for Christmas trees. Night after night, additions were made to the booths in the square, until it resembled an illuminated garden of evergreens, and the same scenes were each evening acted over. In the meantime, Christmas was the all-absorbing topic ; each secretly prepared their presents. Finally, the preceding day arrived, the streets were almost impassable from the crowds, and when the sun had sunk in the west, the long-wished for Christmas Eve had come. Mr. Taylor being one of the guests in a German family, was, with others, some half a dozen little folks inclusive, prohibited entering the rooms above, until the hour when Christ-kindechen should call. While engaged in an interesting conversation, a bell tinkled, and they all rushed up-stairs. In each room was an immense table, on which, amid flowers and wreaths, the presents were most attractively spread out. In the center, the Christmas-tree lifted its beautiful boughs, covered with illuminated wax tapers of every hue, while sweetmeats and gilded nuts hung from every branch. Around the table capered the children in great glee, hunting their presents, while the rest had theirs pointed out, some of whom got costly pre

sents, and Mr. Taylor quite a little German library. As each one discovered the givers he embraced them in turn, and it was an exhibition of the finest emotions. This old custom is beautiful, renewing and strengthening the attachment and sympathy between families and friends, and leaving a pleasant impression in the memory of the past.

On New Year's Eve, the Christmas-tree is again illuminated, and while the remains of the tapers are consuming, the family play for the articles which they have brought and placed upon the branches, care being taken that each shall win as much as he loses—an exchange which creates a fund of merriment. At a quarter before twelve, all the windows about town are opened, and the moment the clock strikes the midnight hour, everybody in the houses, in the street, and over the whole city, to the number of 30,000 or 40,000, all at once shout "*Prosst New Jahr!*" "I wish you a happy New Year." With wishes for a happy New Year all the members of families embrace each other, then rushing to the windows, call out to their neighbors, or to the passers-by in the streets, then crowded with people, who full of joviality and good feeling, send back the cry, exchange it with others, and make the welkin ring with the universal wish and cheerful songs. Mr. Taylor and companions joined the crowd in the streets, and whenever they saw a damsel at a window, shouted "*Prosst New Jahr!*" when the words were returned in the soft musical tones of woman.

In the beginning of March, one of the great semi-annual fairs came off. Booths, with narrow streets between, filled the squares, and merchants from all parts of Europe had collected to show and sell their wares, making a brilliant and dazzling display. Some companies of Tyrolese mountaineers, with their picturesque costumes, splendid manly figures, attracted Mr. Taylor's attention. These, with the throngs of people, variety of faces, and the costumes of different nations, the music continually rising all over the city, from numerous bands of wandering minstrels, was a pleasant change from the monotony that had begun to make his residence in the city somewhat dull.

Not long after a fire broke out near by. Rushing to the spot our young countryman found the people in great consternation, some ringing their hands and others crying. One engine came, and soon another, and then the military. It was a scene of confusion and uproar, and sometime elapsed before the engines, miserable little affairs, not much larger than hand-carts, could operate. The water was brought in barrels drawn by horses, until an officer appeared and got access to the hydrant. It was ludicrous and laughable enough to one who had witnessed how fires were subdued in New York,—the horses running to and fro hauling barrels, which were first emptied into tubs, and then dipped up in buckets, and turned into the "machines." After a space of four hours, the house being burnt out, and its double walls preventing it from communicating to those next, the fire was subdued.

The cemetery at Frankfort, which Mr. Taylor visited just before his departure, is a beautiful place in summer; in fact, says he, "the very name of cemetery in German—*Friedhof* or 'Court of Peace'—takes away the idea of death." Some of the mottoes on the tombstones are touching, such for instance as, "*Through darkness unto light;*" "*Weep not for her;*" "*She is not*

dead but sleepeth;" "*Slumber sweet,*" etc. He mentions also a singular appendage to this cemetery which is known only in Germany; this is a dead-house in which bodies are put in the hope of resuscitation. It is a small chamber with half a dozen cells on a side. In each cell is a bier and its body. A cord is suspended above each body which is attached to a thimble on each of the fingers of the corpse, so that the least motion communicates to a bell in the watchman's room. The place is lighted at night, warmed in winter, and in adjoining rooms are beds, baths, and a galvanic battery. It had then been established fifteen years, but not a single resuscitation had taken place.

The men at Frankfort, like the Germans generally, appeared to Mr. Taylor, calm, cautious, and lethargic, which in a great measure may be ascribed to the despotic nature of their government, but the boys, like youngsters everywhere, had sprightly, intelligent faces their spirits not as yet bowed down by a knowledge of the nature of the laws under which they lived. He often saw Anselmo Rothschild the most celebrated of the famous brothers, bankers. He resides in Frankfort, and is a little, old, baldheaded, avaricious Jew. He holds, it is said, a mortgage on the City of Jerusalem, which looks like a plan on his part for the final restoration of his race to the Holy City, and may be one of the links of the chain of circumstances which, under the dispensation of Providence, tends to that event.

The German women, Mr. Taylor thinks deficient in intellectual beauty; the number of positively ugly faces among them astonished him, and he says he has seen more beautiful women in one night in an American assembly, than in over half a year's residence on the Continent.

It was toward the close of April, that having completed his preparations, our young traveler mounted his knapsack and with staff in hand bade adieu to Frankfort, and commenced his lonely walk through Northern Germany. Toiling up a long hill on the road, he turned and took a last look at the quaint old city where he had passed so many pleasant hours, and then with saddened feelings pursued his route, a stranger in a strange land. As the sun was sinking in the west, he reached Friedburg, where he passed the night, and on resuming his route the next morning was hailed by a wandering journeyman or *handwerker*, who wanted company, to which he cheerfully acquiesced and they both trudged along together. He had his knapsack and tools fastened on wheels which he drew after him with ease. At Geissen he parted with his companion, and beyond entered the beautiful valley of Lahn one of the finest districts of Germany. Its bright green meadows, red roofed cottages nestled among gardens and orchards together with the peculiarly picturesque costume of the peasant women created pleasant sensations. But from these peaceful scenes fathers and brothers were once seized by a despotic prince, and transported across the ocean to battle against a people struggling for liberty; for this was in Hesse Cassel, the home of the *Hessians*, allies of Britain in our country's darkest hour.

Continuing on he was soon in the heart of Hesse Cassel, where the country became more rolling, but still as beautiful and fresh as ever. Occasionally he halted to sketch some pleasant scene, or to rest beneath a shady bank,

with his knapsack for a pillow, and gaze upon the countenances of the passers by. The observation he excited was at first extremely unpleasant; but he soon became so accustomed to it, "that the strange, magnetic influence of the human eye, which we cannot avoid feeling, was shorn of its power."

The April showers which fell occasionally during the latter part of the day, not penetrating farther than his blouse, he kept on and at sunset entered a neat little inn in a small village in the valley, when the tidy landlady greeting him with "be you welcome" brought him slippers for his swollen feet, and giving him an excellent supper of eggs, bread, milk, and butter, made him feel quite at home. While partaking of his frugal meal with a traveler's appetite, he listened to an animated discussion in which the village schoolmaster and some farmers were the parties. After a good night's rest and breakfast in the morning, he paid his landlady's bill $6\frac{1}{2}$ groschen or about sixteen cents, and started off over the hills at a rapid rate in the direction of Cassel the capital. At the inn where he dined that day a boy inquired if he was going to America. He told him no, that he had come from there, upon which the little fellow ran out and spread the news all over the village. When he resumed his journey the children pointed at him and cried: "see there! *he* is from America!" and the men took off their hats and bowed.

When about five miles from Cassel the night set in with a dreary rain and he entered an inn by the way-side and called for supper. In the meanwhile a company of students from the city came in, and noticing that he was alone, invited him to their room. On ascertaining that the youthful traveler was an American they became much interested, and gradually gathered around and kept him very busy answering their questions about his country. All of them returned to the city by an omnibus, except five, who remained, and persuaded him to walk with them to town. So much were they pleased that they would not allow him to carry his knapsack, but each bore it alternately all the way, and on his arrival escorted him to a comfortable hotel.

The next morning two of his new acquaintances called to show him the city, and in the afternoon conducted him to Wilhelmshöhe, the summer residence of the prince, on the side of a mountain-range, an hour's walk from the city. It is a magnificent mansion, with grounds highly ornamented with many objects of curiosity in its vicinity. While there Mr. Taylor was shown a few small houses occupied by descendants of the Hessians killed in America, supported here by the prince.

To one of his new student acquaintances, Carl K——, our youthful traveler became much attached. His constant, generous attention and kindness first won his esteem, and a closer acquaintance revealed an intellect of a high order. He showed him some beautiful poems of his own composition of unusual merit, and he thought he could "see in his dark dreamy eye the unconscious presentiment of a power that would one day place him among "the few immortal names not born to die." Such was their congeniality of feelings and tastes that our traveler felt as if, instead of having known him a few hours only, his acquaintance had endured for years. "On taking leave of Carl, at the gate over the Gottingen road," says he, "I felt tempted to bestow a malediction upon traveling, from its merciless breaking of all links as soon

as formed. It was painful to think we should meet no more ; the tears started into his eyes, and feeling a mist gathering over mine, I gave his hand a parting pressure, turned my back upon Cassel, and started up the mountain at a desperate rate."

That night he rested in Munden, a little, old red-roofed German city, with narrow, crooked streets, and full of ugly old houses, with its walls similar to those which surrounded all the cities of the feudal times, still standing, although very ruinous. From thence he had a dreary ride in an omnibus through a wild and monotonous country, to Gottingen, where he arrived with strong symptoms of fever, the penalty of over exertion from walking. Mounting his knapsack, he proceeded wearily through several streets, and entered the first inn ; but finding it dirty and dismal, he paid a pleasant-looking boy he met to go with him to a good hotel, which happened to be the best in the place. "I felt," says he, "a trepidation in my pocket, but my throbbing head pleaded more powerfully, so I ordered a comfortable room and a physician." A professor of the university was called in : on his inquiring, as he was leaving, after a second and last call, what he should pay, the latter begged to be excused, and bowing politely, left. On asking of the landlord an explanation of this, he replied, that physicians charged no regular fee to travelers, leaving it to their generosity, but that twenty groschen, or about sixty cents would amply suffice for the two visits !

Two days later he was in the midst of the wildest scenery of the Harz mountains. Alone and on foot, he was toiling up the famous Brocken, in the midst of a furious storm of mingled rain and snow. At length he came to a place where the forest ceased, and the way was over a broken, stony, ascending plain ; but above, or on either side, he could not see. It was an awful solitude—nothing but the storm and the bleak gray waste of rocks. The mountain grew more and more steep ; he could scarcely trace his way, and the wind was terrific. Already wet through, he began to fear that he could stand the exposure but a little longer, when, on the very summit of the mountain, the Brocken house suddenly rose up before him, and in a few moments more he had entered the mansion, was greeted by two large Alpine dogs in the passage, met with a hearty welcome from the landlord, and having effected a change of clothing, was seated before a good warm fire enjoying sensations of a most comfortable nature.

The Brocken is the highest mountain in northern Germany ; from its summit is a most magnificent prospect, commanding a view of a vast extent of country, dotted with thirty cities, and two or three hundred villages. This district is the cradle of innumerable German legends and superstitions, and the Brocken has long enjoyed the reputation of being haunted. Here witches and evil spirits celebrate with unholy orgies, and the headless horseman is seen galloping on his fiery charger among the dark cliffs and tangled ravines of the mountain. The curious optical phenomenon, called the *Specter of the Brocken* occasionally seen from this spot, has doubtless strengthened the belief of its being haunted. It appears at sunset or sunrise, whenever the mist happens to ascend perpendicularly out of the valley on the side opposite to the sun, and leave the mountain top itself free from vapor. The shadow of

the mountain is reflected against the perpendicular face of the rising vapor, as it were against a wall of gigantic dimensions. The inn then becomes a palace in size, and the human beings on the summit appear like giants. The size of the figures increase or diminish, as the fog is driven farther from, or nearer to, the top of the Brocken, by the wind. "If the fog is very dry, you see not only yourself, but your neighbor—if very damp, yourself only—surrounded by a rainbow-colored glory, which becomes more lustrous and beautiful the damper and thicker the fog is, and the nearer it approaches.

Unfortunately for our traveler the weather was not propitious for a good view of the glorious prospect from this spot. Once or twice the clouds parted slightly, and disclosed momentary glimpses of the blue plains, dotted with cities and villages far below. A mountain girl, before he left, as is the custom, presented him "a Brocken nosegay" of heather, lichens, and moss, which he stowed away carefully in his knapsack, as a memento.

He descended the east side of the mountain, got lost in one of the wildest and loneliest corners of the Hartz, and, on the evening of the second day, half-dead with fatigue, put up at "a ghostly, dark and echoing castle of an inn," enough to send a thrill of terror to a lonely traveler like him. Its inmates were in keeping with its gloomy character. When he retired, his conductor, taking a dim light, led him down the steps of an arched gateway, through a long, damp, deserted court-yard, to a small, solitary stone building, the door of which was opened with a rusty key, and then left him in a miserable closet-like room, destitute of everything but a rough bed. The place was mouldy, the walls cold and damp, and the bed coarse and dirty: On turning down its ragged covers, he discovered, with horror, on the sheet, a stain like blood! For a moment he hesitated whether to steal out, but he conquered his fears, and putting his staff by the bed, ready for defense, laid down. Several times he was disturbed by footsteps near, and heard voices which appeared to be close to his door. Twice he sat up in his bed, and seizing his cane, listened in breathless anxiety. "In reality," says he, "there may have been no cause for my fears—I may have wronged the lonely inn-keeper by them; but certainly no place or circumstances ever seemed to me more appropriate to a deed of robbery or crime."

At Halberstadt, he took the rail-road, which passed over a monotonous country, for Leipsic, which was reached in six hours' traveling. On the route is the old town of Magdeburg, in the citadel of which the famous Baron Trenck was confined. Leipsic is a manufacturing town—a great commercial mart and among the first cities in Europe. Particularly is it noted for its three great annual fairs, each lasting fourteen days, and attended by people from all parts of Europe. It is the greatest book-making and book-selling place in the world; book stores fill the streets, and half the business of the people seems to consist in printing, paper-making, and binding, and as a consequence the social and intellectual character of the citizens stands high. It was in the neighborhood, on the 16th, 17th, 18th October, 1813, that the great battle of Leipsic was fought, which broke the power of Napoleon, and freed Germany from the yoke of France. The army of Napoleon, 192,000 strong, curved around the southern and eastern sides of the city,

while the allied forces, 300,000 in number, occupied the plain beyond. The thunder of 1,600 cannon boomed forth in this deadly conflict of half a million of men, and upon the vast plain lay over 50,000 dead.

At Leipsic, Mr. Taylor was rejoined by his cousin, the latter having taken a more circuitous route from Frankfort, by way of Nuremberg and the Thuringian forests; they afterward continued in company. Among the lovely walks around Leipsic is that to the Rosenthal, a beautiful meadow, bordered by forests of German oak. Here they saw picturesque Swiss cottages embowered in the foliage, where, afternoons, the social citizens forsake the dusty streets, and assemble to drink their coffee, and recreate from the cares of business. They visited the little village of Golis, near by, where, in a little house, still standing, dwelt the celebrated Schiller. A stone arch erected over the entrance to the room he occupied, bears the inscription, "Here dwelt Schiller in 1795, and wrote his hymn to joy." "Everywhere through Germany," says Mr. Taylor, "the remembrances of Schiller are sacred. In every city where he lived they show his dwelling. They know and reverence the mighty spirit which has been among them. The little room where he conceived that sublime poem is hallowed as if by the presence of unseen spirits."

A three hours' ride by rail-road carried them over the eighty miles of plain that separates Leipsic and Dresden. This latter town, the capital of the kingdom of Saxony, is delightfully situated in a curve of the Elbe, and beside the charming beauty of its environs, is attractive from its glorious galleries of art. Here Mr. Taylor saw Raphael's celebrated picture of the Madonna and Child, and was so filled with love and admiration, that, when he left, he felt sad to think he should never behold it again. He says, "it has somewhat faded during the three hundred years that have rolled away since the hand of Raphael worked upon its canvas. The wild prophetic eye and lofty brow of the young Jesus chains one like a spell. There is something more than mortal in its expression—something in the infant face which indicates a power mightier than the proudest manhood. There is no glory around the head, but the spirit which shines from those features marks his Divinity. In the sweet face of the mother there speaks a sorrowful foreboding mixed with its tenderness, as if she knew the world into which the Savior was born, and foresaw the path in which he was to tread. It is a picture which one can scarcely look upon without tears."

They visited also, the battle-field at Dresden, where the hero Moreau fell; the Royal Library, containing 300,000 volumes, and the "Green Gallery," an unsurpassed collection of jewels and costly articles, and curiosities of art, amounting to millions and millions in value. As they entered one of the rooms, they were perfectly dazzled by the glare of splendor. "It was all gold, diamonds, ruby, and sapphire. Every case sent out such a glow and glitter, that it seemed like a cage of imprisoned lightnings. Wherever the eye turned, it was met by a blaze of broken rainbows."

After remaining four days in Dresden, Mr. Taylor and his companion again strapped on their knapsacks, and started off in fine spirits, "en route" for Prague. In two hours they reached Pillnitz, the seat of the palace and gardens of the King of Saxony, who happened as they were passing, to be

there. He was a tall, benevolent-looking man, and apparently beloved by his subjects, who are noted all over Germany for their honesty and social qualities.

Their course lay down the Elbe, in the vicinity of which the villages were unusually neat and clean, the meadows fresh and blooming, and the people kind and friendly, reminding our travelers of the words of the old German ballad—

"The fairest kingdom on the earth,
It is the Saxon land!"

Early next morning, they discerned through the blue mists, the mountain of Königstein, rising from the banks of the Elbe, over a thousand feet, and crowned by an impregnable fortress, of a mile and a half in circumference, within which are gardens, fields, forest-trees, and a little village. It was the only spot unconquered by the enemy during the Thirty Years' War, and in that with Napoleon; hence, in times of danger, the royal archives and treasures are deposited within it. They entered the fortress by a road cut through the rock, the only place by which admittance can be obtained. The guide, during their walk, pointed out a small square tower, just below which, was a narrow ledge, about two feet wide, on the edge of the precipice. He told them that a German baron, in the reign of Augustus the Strong, having passed the night in revelry, got up while asleep, stepped out of the window, and stretched himself at full length on the brink of the abyss. Luckily, he was seen by a guard, who informed the king, when the latter had him bound, and then awakened by the soft strains of music.

From this place our young travelers passed through the little town of Königstein to Schandau, the capital of the Saxon Highlands. Beyond this, on turning up a little narrow rock-bound valley, through which were interspersed rustic cottages, they saw the mountain-maidens, attired in bright scarlet dresses, and fancy-colored scarfs bound around their heads. Pleased with the spot, and full of good feeling, they sat down to rest in a quiet secluded nook, and made the little valley ring with cheers for their native land.

As they advanced, the country grew more and more wild, and after a day or two of enjoyment among the mountains, they crossed the Elbe, for the sixth and last time, and soon after entered Neidergrund, in Bohemia, the first Austrian village. Their passports having been here examined, they walked on several miles in company with others. Soon as they had crossed the Austrian border, they saw a sudden change in their companions; they seemed anxious, and if our young Americans chanced to allude to the state of the country, they cautiously looked around, lest they should be overheard, and at once changed the topic, if nearing any of the laborers at work on the road.

Bohemia is comprised in a large valley, surrounded on every side by lofty mountains. The majority of its people are of Slavonic origin, and among the most faithful subjects of Austria. Mr. Taylor found the scenery most lovely; on every side were high blue mountains, sweet pastoral valleys, and romantic old ruins, all of which were associated with the wild legends of the dark ages. He had left the civilized Saxon race, and saw around him the features and language of one of those rude Slavonic tribes, whose ancestors once roamed amid the vast steppes of the Asiatic continent.

Passing by the battle-field of Kulm, they entered Tepliz, situated in a lovely valley, and famous for its baths, and on ascending a lofty mountain beyond, they were kindly saluted by the peasants whom they met, with "Christ greet you!" The next day they were in comfortable quarters, in the semi-barbaric, semi-Asiatic city of Prague, the capital of Bohemia, and a town of 130,000 inhabitants.

The young men felt as if they were in another world, while rambling through the winding streets of this strange, fantastic, yet beautiful old city, which, from the Byzantine architecture of many of its churches and towers, has an oriental aspect. From the heights on which stands the palace of the Bohemian kings, west of the city, they had a fine prospect of the spires and towers of Prague, and of the Moldau, inclosing green islands, and curving about in graceful forms, until lost to view amid encircling hills.

The old bridge across the Moldau is five or six centuries old, and was over a century in building. Among the groups of saints and martyrs, which clustered on every pier, is a statue of "Johannes of Nepomuck," a priest, who lived many centuries since, and is now the patron saint of Bohemia. He was a confessor to one of the queens, and because he refused to reveal to the king the secrets she had confessed, he had him cast from the bridge into the Moldau, where, according to the legend, the body floated a long time, with a cluster of stars encircling its head. In passing this statue, and the many other shrines and statues in the city, the passers-by always uncover their heads, and make the sign of the cross. Near the town is an eminence, on which a chapel has been erected, on the place where Protestantism was crushed in Bohemia *by the sword*. To this spot, the deluded Bohemian peasantry make pilgrimages, as though it were holy ground.

For the first two days after leaving Prague for Vienna, their route led over wide lofty plains, across which, cold, cutting winds swept from the distant snow-clad mountains. The people on these ridges were miserably poor, and during the severe winters of this elevated region, suffered much from cold, it being almost impossible to procure firewood, the few forests that exist, being monopolized by the noblemen. They occasionally saw the stately castles of these petty despots, usually on commanding situations, and contrasting strongly with the poor isolated villages of their peasantry. They were now in the heart of Bohemia, the people of which are devoted Catholics. As they journeyed on, they passed, every few rods, a shrine or statue: and Mr. Taylor found the worship of images carried on to an extent of which he had no previous conception, and in speaking of these things, he says, "there is something pleasing, as well as poetical, in the idea of a shrine by the way-side, where the weary traveler can rest, and raise his heart in thankfulness to the power that protects him." These representations, however, were so miserably executed, so ghastly and shocking, as to excite in him emotions of horror, rather than reverence. The images of Christ, usually, had swords piercing them. An old man, with a bishop's mitre, represented the Almighty, while the Virgin appeared as a gayly dressed woman, bedecked with a profusion of ornaments. On passing these, the poor peasants always uncovered and crossed themselves. He mentions a beautiful and touching

custom of these people. When the church bell sounded the morning, noon, and evening chimes, every one within hearing uncovered, and offered up a prayer. "Would," exclaims he, "that to this innate spirit of reverence were added the light of knowledge, which a tyrannical government denies them!"

On the fourth morning, they passed through the old Moravian city of Iglau, and in this vicinity, and indeed throughout Bohemia, saw some singular teams. Instead of oxen or horses, dogs were frequently used to draw the peasants' carts. Sometimes they saw a donkey and a cow in harness together, at others, a dog and a donkey, on which latter occasions, the time of the driver was apt to be alternately occupied with beating the dog, to prevent him from biting the donkey, and in whipping the donkey away from the grass, by the roadside. Once, they saw a man comfortably seated smoking his pipe in a wagon which was drawn by a dog, and pushed behind by his wife. But the climax of all, was a woman and a dog *harnessed* together, on the way to market, with a load of produce. The condition of woman here, is very degraded; hundreds of them were passed on the road, breaking stone.

In the latter part of the day they were overtaken by a traveling *handwerker* or mechanic, who was going to Vienna. They had walked on conversing together for several miles without his suspecting they were not his fellow-countrymen. At length he casually spoke of the exquisite beauty of some American vessels he had seen at Trieste. "Yes," replied Mr. Taylor, "our vessels are admired all over the world." Upon this he stared at Mr. Taylor without understanding. "Your vessels?" "our country's," rejoined the other; "we are Americans." "You Americans?" cried he with an expression of amazement and incredulous astonishment, "it is impossible!" To his great joy they convinced him, for everywhere in Germany there is a kindly feeling toward Americans and a great curiosity to see them. "I shall write down in my book," said he, "so that I never shall forget it, that I once traveled with two Americans." From this grew out a lengthened conversation, in which he told them of the oppressive laws of Austria; and while narrating the horrors of the system of conscription, and the degrading vassalage of the peasants, he stopped for a moment as if buried in deep reflection and then with a suppressed sigh looked at Mr. Taylor and inquired: "Is it true that America is free?" Upon this the other described our country and her institutions, and informed him that we enjoyed far more liberty than any other country in the world. "Ah!" rejoined the poor fellow, "it is hard to leave one's fatherland, oppressed as it is, but *I wish I could go to America.*"

The three young men stopped for the night at an inn in a beggarly little village, and found difficulty in procuring supper and lodging, as a regiment of Polish lancers in the Austrian service were quartered there.

In the course of the next day they crossed the ridge which separates the waters of the Elbe from the Danube, and put up for the night at Znaim, the Moravian capital. Next morning the sun rose clear and glorious, and as they neared the Danube the country opened beautifully before them, interspersed with vine-clad hills, and rich valleys; here and there, glimpses were caught of little white villages enveloped in fruit trees in blossom. At length

far to the south-west a long range of faint, silvery summits, glistening with snow burst upon their vision, when the hearts of the young Americans bounded with rapture at this their first view of the Alps. Gradually descending the elevated country upon which they were traveling, they lost sight of this sublime vision, and entered upon the rich plain of the Danube, covered with grain and in all the glory of summer. They soon crossed the last bridge over "the dark rolling Danube," and entered upon a sort of island shaded with pleasant groves of silver ash. The place was filled with gay promenades; booths of refreshments were scattered about, and strains of music filled the air. From this vicinity a wide street bounded by elegant residences reached into the center of a city, and through this, crowded with multitudes, some in carriages and some on foot going to these delightful groves, they entered the capital of the Austrian Empire.

Vienna has been the scene of many historical events. In 1271 it was taken by the Emperor Frederick, and again by Rudolph I, in 1297. It was vainly besieged by the Hungarians in 1477, but was obliged to surrender eight years after to Matthias king of Hungary and Bohemia. In 1783 it was again besieged and closely invested by the Turks, under Kara Mustapha, and relieved at last only by the arrival of a Polish army under John Sobieski, who defeated the Turks with great slaughter under the very walls of the city. The head of Mustapha is still exhibited to visitors at the arsenal. In 1805 and again in 1809 it surrendered to Napoleon. Six miles east of the city is the island of Lobau, in the Danube, where the French were encamped for six weeks; and opposite to it, near the north bank of the river, are the villages of Aspern, Essling, and Wagram, where were fought the desperate battles which at that time decided the fate of the Austrian Empire.

The city proper is small compared with the suburbs. The strong fortifications which formerly surrounded it, have been razed and converted into lofty gardens which afford delightful promenades. Beside these are the Imperial Gardens with their cool shades, flowers and fountains, the Augarten, and last the Prater, the largest and most beautiful of all; this is the island previously alluded to, in the Danube. It is covered with splendid forest trees, and verdant lawns, through which wind broad carriage roads, arched over and completely shaded by horse-chestnuts. In any fine summer afternoon the beauty and nobility of the city may be seen whirling through the cool shades in splendid equipages, and numberless pedestrians thronging the walks. Countless booths and cafés are scattered about, which on these occasions are crowded with many pleasure seekers. The common people on Sundays and holidays come here in throngs. Deer, perfectly tame, bound in herds through the woods, and it is a pleasant sight, when they recline upon the green lawn to see the little children playing beside them. On a fine summer's night it is alive with the gay crowds who have forsaken the dusty city for a few hours' relaxation. "It is this free, social life," says our traveler, "which renders Vienna so attractive to foreigners and draws yearly thousands of visitors from all parts of Europe." It is called the Paris of Germany.

Vienna, with its suburbs, contains nearly half a million of souls. The *Allstadt*, the city proper, possesses the most prominent object of interest or

importance—the palace, the offices of government, the residences of the higher classes, the museums, libraries, galleries, etc.

The Imperial Palace is an immense building, of rare beauty. The cathedrals are magnificent, and that of St. Stephens, one of the first specimens of Gothic architecture in Germany, has a tower nearly twice as lofty as that of the most elevated church spire in our country. The Belvidere Gallery fills thirty-five halls, and contains three thousand paintings, and beside this, several, but little less splendid belong to princes and noblemen in the city. The Imperial Library has over 300,000 volumes, and 16,000 manuscripts. It is contained in a hall of great splendor, in the center of which stands a marble statue of Charles V, of Hapsburg. Brilliant fresco paintings adorn the ceiling and dome, and the walls are of variegated marble and richly gilded. It seemed familiar to our young pedestrians to be in a large bustling city once more, with its streets thronged with people, reminding them of the never-ending crowds of their own busy New York.

The morning after their arrival they sallied out to view this Austrian city. They found the streets filled with people, among them dark eyed Greeks, Turks in their turbans and flowing robes, Italians peddling oranges, and little brown Hungarian boys selling flowers. The shops were frequently splendid, and being fitted up with great taste, made a dazzling display. The town being like all cities of continental Europe, destitute of side-walks, it required constant care to avoid being run over by the numberless carriages and moving vehicles of various kinds. They passed several days in Vienna in visiting its many curiosities and rich collections of art. One of the most interesting places they entered was the Imperial Armory. Around the wall on the inside is hung an enormous chain nearly a mile in length. In the year 1529 the Turks, who had at that time possession of the heart of Hungary, stretched this chain across the Danube at Buda to arrest the navigation. They were conducted through the various halls in company with a crowd of forty or fifty others by a crusty old guide; he was so very overbearing and supercilious in his conduct to the visitors that a tall dignified young man who happened to be near Mr. Taylor could not suppress his indignation. Discerning that our traveler was a foreigner, he spoke in a low tone, bitterly of the Austrian government. "You are not then an Austrian?" asked the latter. "No thank God!" he replied, "but I have seen enough of Austrian tyranny—I am a Pole."

In this Armory, among a host of similar curiosities, are "banners used in the French revolution; the armor of ancient monarchs and generals; old Austrian banners, and horsetails and flags captured from the Turks; the sword of Marlborough; the coat which Gustavus Adolphus wore on the deadly field of Lutzen, pierced in the back and breast with the fatal bullet; the helm and breastplate of Attila, king of the Huns, which once glanced at the head of his myriads of wild hordes, before the walls of Rome; the cannon of Count Stahremberg, who commanded Vienna during the Turkish siege in 1529, and the holy banner of Mahomet, taken at that time from the Grand Vizier, together with the steel harness of John Sobieski of Poland, who rescued Vienna from the Turks; the hat, sword, and breastplate of Godfrey of Bou-

illon, the Crusader king of Jerusalem, with the banners of the Cross, the Crusaders had borne to Palestine, and the standard they captured from the Turks, on the walls of the Holy City, etc.

One fine afternoon the young men visited the grave of Beethoven in a little cemetery beyond the suburbs. Over it is a stone of gray marble with the single word "*Beethoven*" in letters of gold. On the pedestal is a simple gilded lyre, with a serpent coiled around a butterfly—the emblem of resurrection to life eternal. Near by is the grave of Schubart, whose beautiful songs are heard all over Germany.

Having seen the curiosities of the Austrian capital, the young men called at the Police-office, to get their passports viséd* for Munich. Soon after entering the inspector's room, they were rudely accosted by one of the clerks, who, with a scowling brow, and in an overbearing tone, asked "What do you want here?" Upon this, they handed him their tickets of sojourn, which every traveler who spends a day in Germany must obtain, and requested their passports. Having ascertained from their ticket who they were, his manner instantly changed, and he invited them to enter within the railing, where they were introduced to the chief inspector. "Desire Herr —, to come here," said this officer to a servant; then turning to them with much affability, remarked "I am happy to see the gentlemen in Vienna." An officer then came up, and in good English, told them to speak in their native language, and furthermore, apologized for their neglect, by stating that they spoke German so well, they had supposed they were natives. Their passports then were presented, with a gracious bow, and the hope expressed that they would soon again visit Vienna. In relating this event, Mr. Taylor says, "that he would have felt grateful for the attention they received as Americans, had it not been for their uncourteous reception as suspected Austrians."

Vienna was the most eastern point of their travels; they had reached it by a circuitous route through Northern Germany, and now were about returning to Frankfort through its southern portions. On examining the state of their funds, on the morning of their departure, they discovered they had but four dollars apiece left, with which to bear their expenses to Frankfort, distant 500 miles; this, reckoning the time it would take—twenty days—allowed but half a florin (twenty cents) per day, to travel on. Noways disheartened at the discovery; but gathering merriment from it, they passed out of Vienna, in the face of a driving wind in high spirits, and were soon among the hills again.

The third day, they again came to the Danube, at the little city of Melk; but soon leaving the majestic scenery along its valley, journeyed through

* It is necessary for Americans to procure passports from the Secretary of State, which are given gratuitously, in order to visit Europe. The applicant must send his name, age, height, weight, complexion, color of eyes and hair, shape of features, and any peculiarity about his person to the Department at Washington, through his representative in Congress, and a passport will be forwarded to him. It will not be called for in England, but on the Continent it must be ready on his entrance into every new country, and generally his landlord will demand it every night. The passport is viséd or examined by an officer whose signature is affixed, and for which a fee is sometimes charged, but oftener not.

some enchanting inland vales. The weather was now the brightest and balmiest of June; the air was filled with the songs of birds—the meadows were carpeted with beautiful flowers; the fields waved with ripening grain; magnificent forests covered the hills: sometimes, the snow-crowned Alps were seen glistening from afar; the sun, reflected from the glaciers, at a hundred miles distant, made them to glitter like stars; at others, the blue mountains of Bohemia loomed up in the horizon; sometimes they saw ever-swell-ing ranges of highlands, the valley of the Danube, threaded by its silver current, and dotted with white cottages and glittering spires. Day after day, they walked through such scenes, sometimes resting under the shade of fruit-trees, by the road-side, or on a mossy bank, on the edge of some cool forest, frequently taking their simple meals by a clear spring, by the way-side, with keenest relish. Blessed with vigorous health, and in the exuberance of youthful spirits, they were in raptures with the beauty of all they saw, and experienced all the day long, an elevation of mind, a completeness of joyful emotions, that made everything seem a perfect paradise.

The fourth night, they put up at the little city of Enns, on the river Enns, the boundary between Upper and Lower Austria. According to the legend, Saint Florian was here cast into the river, by the Romans, with a millstone fastened to his neck; but lo! instead of sinking, he was miraculously sustained, until he had delivered a sermon to the by-standers. On the houses, as a charm against fire, his image is frequently represented, pouring water on a burning building, with the inscription, "Oh, Holy Florian, pray for us!" On the roads in Upper Austria, where a fatal accident has occurred, shrines are often erected, on which is painted a picture and description of the event, and a request to all who see it, to offer up prayers on behalf of the unfortunate.

A walk of but a few hours from Enns, took them to Linz, and on their way they saw young peasant-maidens weeding wheat. They wore broad-brimmed straw hats, and appeared happy as young birds. A day or two after, they were in the midst of the Austrian Alps, and with five hours of incessant toil ascended to the summit of the Schafberg, the Righi of the Austrian Switzerland. Exhausted with the effort, they laid down upon the heather, and gazed with emotion upon the sublime scene which spread around, of mountains piled upon mountains, until the never-melting snow upon their summits, seemed to mingle and blend with the very clouds. Immediately beneath, lay green lakes, imbosomed in the mountains: far to the north, a line of mist marked the windings of the Danube, and though 120 miles distant, the spires of Munich could be seen with a glass. Such a view fills the soul, elevates and expands the feelings, until rising above the ideas of everyday life, they stand solemnly aloft, like the very mountain-tops, piercing the heavens.

After half an hour's fatiguing descent, they entered the valley of St. Oilgen, "a little paradise between the mountains." Lovely green fields and woods slope gradually from the mountain behind, to the still greener lake, spread out before it, in whose bosom the white Alps are mirrored. Its picturesque cottages cluster around the neat church with its lofty spire, and

the simple inhabitants, have countenances as bright and cheerful as the blue sky above them. We breathed [says Mr. Taylor] an air of poetry. The Arcadian simplicity of the people, the pastoral beauty of the fields around, and the grandeur of the mountains, which shut it out from the world, realized my ideas of a dwelling-place, where, with a few kindred spirits, the bliss of Eden might be restored."

They remained here a few hours for rest and refreshment, and Mr. Taylor entered a cottage of a shoemaker, to get his shoes repaired. In the meantime, he had a pleasant chat with the family. He told them how much he admired their village, and its beautiful scenery. Gratified with his admiration, the man and his wife related everything they thought would interest him, and that too, in language evincing cultivation. As he got up to leave, his head almost reached the low ceiling of the cottage, upon which the man exclaimed "how tall!" "The people in my country are all tall," he replied. "What country is that?" rejoined the shoemaker. The moment the word "America," escaped the young traveler's lips, the old German threw up both hands in utter astonishment, and at the same time ejaculated—"Ach Gott! he is an American!" His wife observed, that "it was wonderful how far man was permitted to travel." As he left, he received their kind wishes "for a prosperous journey and a safe return home."

That afternoon, Mr. Taylor entered a little chapel, in the village graveyard. The declining sun sent his slanting rays through a side window, and all was still around. At the farther end was a little shrine with flowers. Upon the wall were two monumental tablets. One bore these touching and eloquent words: "*Look not mournfully into the past—it comes not again; wisely improve the present—it is thine; and go forward to meet the shadowy future, without fear and with a manly heart!*"

The next day they passed through Salzburg, the birth-place of Mozart, and the burial place of Hayden, and one day later still, passed the stream which divides Austria from Bavaria. On crossing the border, everything wore a more pleasant aspect,—the roads were neater, and they were greeted in such a friendly way, by the peasants, that they felt half at home. The next night they passed in the little village of Stein, near which, on the heights, are the ruins of the castle of the famous robber-knight, Hans Von Stein. The dungeons in which he immured his victims remain to this day.

From another little village beyond, they followed a path across the country, to visit the field of Hohenlinden, familiar to us from childhood, from the beautiful poem of Campbell, commencing with, "On Linden, when the sun was low."

When about two miles distant, they saw "a tall minaret-like spire, rise from a small cluster of houses, and this was Hohenlinden!" They were disappointed in their expectations. The "hills of blood-stained snow" were small, and the "Iser rolling rapidly," several miles distant. Not a monument, or any token of the battle exists. Having recited Campbell's poem, and plucked a few wild-flowers as a memorial, they continued on, and soon after sunset, crossed the bridge over the rapid Iser, and found comfortable quarters in Munich.

Munich, the capital of Bavaria, is situated upon an elevated, cold, sterile plain. Within the present century, it has grown from a third-rate city of not any note, to one of about 100,000 inhabitants, and in the magnificence of its buildings, to one of the first capitals in Europe. Mr. Taylor thought he had seen everything in Vienna to excite admiration, or please the taste, but here, he says, all he had conceived of oriental magnificence, of kingly halls, and splendid palaces, was immeasurably below the reality. Some of the public buildings are so novel in their arrangement, and so gorgeous in their ornaments, that he thought the artists must have derived their ideas from the Arabian Nights.

Our traveler's tour through Germany was now drawing near to a close. From Munich they proceeded through Witemburg to Heidelberg and soon were again among their friends in Frankfort. After a month's sojourn in that city, Mr. Taylor left Frankfort and continued his travels through Switzerland, Italy, and France, meeting much of interesting adventure all of which is described in his peculiarly attractive manner. For these details and those of his tour in Great Britain, as well as much relating to Germany, which our rapid sketch has not drawn upon we refer the reader to the volume itself. With a few words describing the return of himself and companions to New York, and his journey home to his native state, Pennsylvania, we close this article.

After an absence of two years, one beautiful afternoon in early June, the young wanderers sailed up the bay of New York, and were again upon the soil of their native land. They were at once struck with the energy and activity of the people, the keenness of expression on every countenance, the glorious independence of manners—even in the children, all of which was most refreshing after having been so long accustomed to the servile air of the common people of Europe.

A run across New Jersey, a night in neat Philadelphia, and a sail down the Delaware brought them to Wilmington, within twelve miles of home. Now came the realizing of a plan that had a hundred times whiled away many a dreary mile of European travel. Their knapsacks, slouched German hats, belts, blouses, and pilgrim staves, untouched since leaving Paris, were resumed, and they started on that short walk of three or four hours, but which from the crowd of emotions that pressed upon them, seemed three times as long. As the broad bright sun went down, their homes were not far off. "When the twilight grew deeper," says Taylor, "we parted and each thought what an experience lay between that moment and the next morning. I took to the fields, plunged into a sea of dewy clover and made for a light which began to glimmer as it grew darker. When I reached it and looked with most painful excitement through the window on the unsuspecting group within, not one face was missing!"

